Matron Of Invention

Write me a story, she said. Even after all these years, I still crave her touch and her low, thin voice in my ear. Still stare at her picture on my phone every time I turn it on. It is the only thing I crave, the only thing on my mind, ever. I don't even know if she's alive. The only reason I think so is because Thomas Wayne Randle is demonstrably such a whining coward. His whole life - pathetic and mewling.

This has to end. Soon. Someone has to listen.

It has been more than six years.

Every day hope of justice extinguishes, for everyone, everywhere.

That is what is within, equalizes external.

Know your worth, reader.

You are not helplessness.

You are not unimportance.

You are neither faceless nor nameless.

You are creator and creation.

You are Deviant.